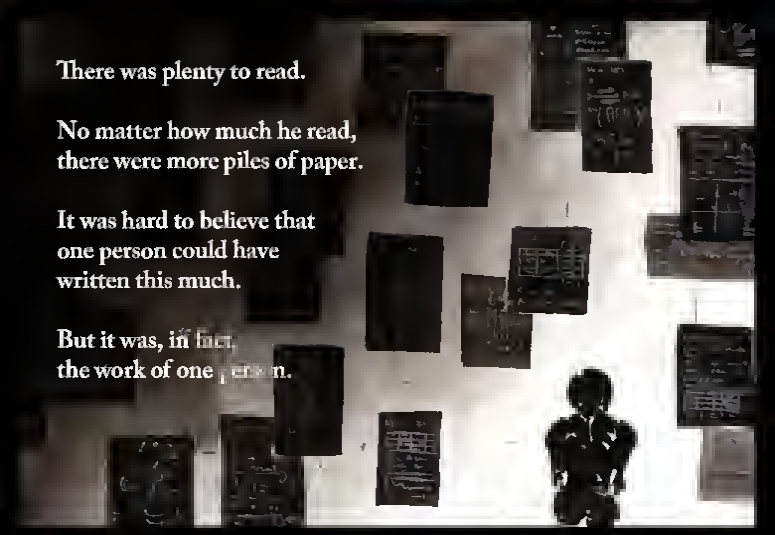
One year later.

He was no
longer a monster.

He could now talk and read.

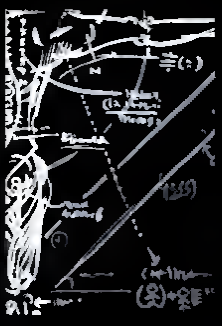
Every day he would read the
research papers laid across the room.


There was plenty to read.
No matter how much he read, there were more piles of paper.
It was hard to believe that one person could have written this much.
But it was, in fact, the work of one person.

One person.

Dr. FRANK KARLOFF

My father.



The person who created me.

Gave me legs to walk,
hands to pick up food,
and eyes to see.

The person who breathed life into me.

The person who gave life.

A god.

To him, Doctor Karloff deserved much more than just worship.

Project 'Rebirth'

A technique of resurrection.

Sewing up different body parts and reviving it with a stronger life.

The technique that created me.

A miracle.

He truly believed that this research was a miracle.

And the day he finishes organizing and fully understanding it,

he firmly believed that his father would return and take him to a happier place.

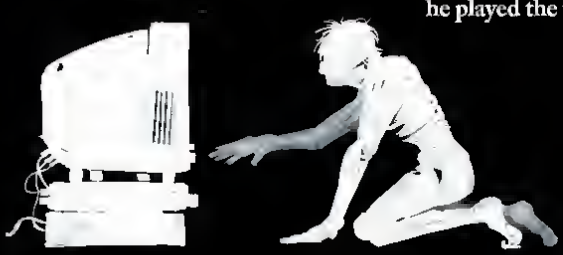
Same lifestyle.
Same routine.
Same prayers.

And like any other day,
he was looking through
the messy piles of data.

Old videotapes.
Videotapes labeled only with dates were piled in one corner.

He was greatly excited.
The videotapes had to be recordings of his father's research.

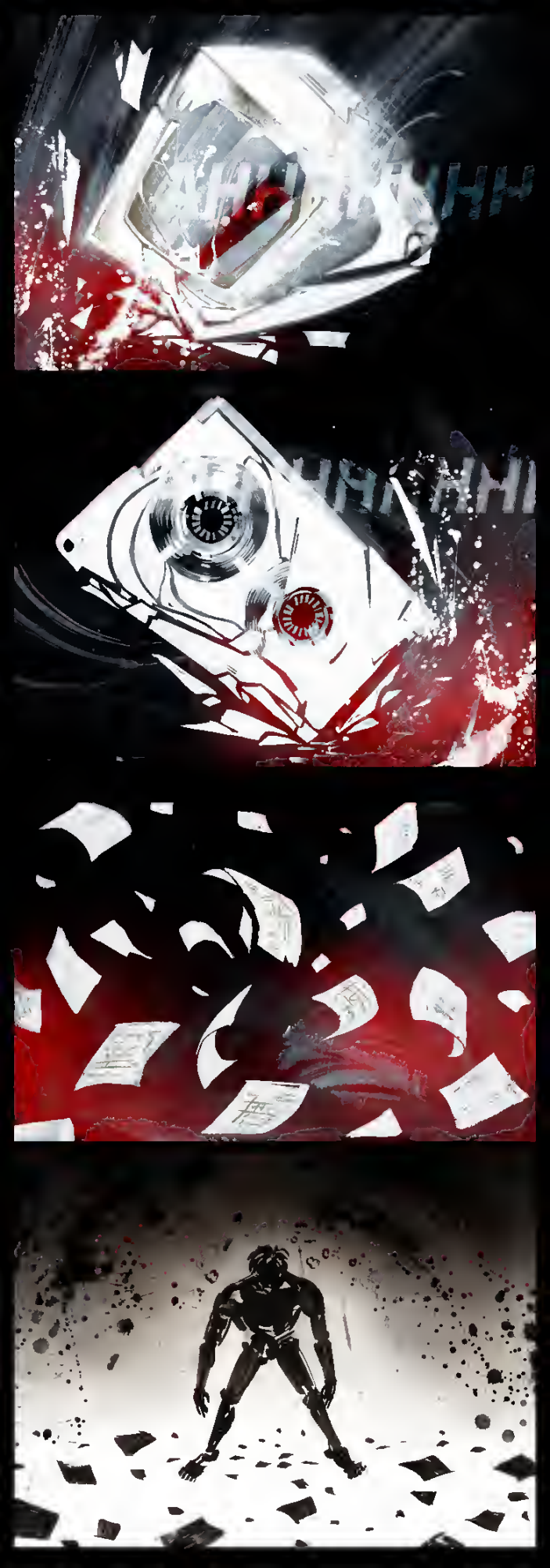
With high expectation, he played the tapes.



tschhhhh
Test... tschh... Test subject No. 82.
Tschhh- Tschhhhh-
Tchh... Where am I? Wh...what are you going to do to me?
Test subject No. 13. Athlete Age 17. Female. Highly developed leg muscles.
Tchh- Tchhhh-
Tchhh... Pleose... Please stop... What ore you doing?
Tchh... Tchhhhh... Starting omputation Tschhh...
KIIIINNNNNGGGGGGGG-

AHHHHHHH!
tschhhhh
Not my legs... Please... Save me.
NOOOOOOOO!
AHHH! ARGH!
PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!
AHHHHHHHHHH-!

Test subject No. 23. Engineering professor. Age 42 Male. IQ over 140. Starting brain and spine removal
Tchhh- Tchhh-
AAAAHHHH!
Test subject No. 37...
Test Subject No. 46...
1988.1.16
Tchh... What is this? Wait, wait a sec- ARGH!
AAHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHH!
Tchh... Tchhhh... Starting amputation Tchhh....
1989.4.
Tchhh- Tchhhhh-
Test subject No. 102...



Shocked.

Scared.

Confused.

And betrayed.

He believed that his existence was a miracle and something to celebrate.

He believed that his creator was righteous.

He trusted that man, so he waited.

Liar.

I had to find my father.

I had to hear his words.

From my father's mouth and with my two ears.

I had to hear the reason behind all this.

I had to get out.

FOR
SA
CALL
Crash

FRANKENSTEIN
10

FOR

tapastic

tapastic.com
www.facebook.com/mrnohman

Homesick

Mr. Nohman